

Bring
Your Job Work
to
This Office.

Gophersville Kentuckian.

Watch The Date
AFTER YOUR NAME
—AND—
Renew promptly

VOL. XIV.—NO. 24.

HOPKINSVILLE, KENTUCKY, TUESDAY, MARCH 22, 1892.

\$2.00 A YEAR!

We Regret



being compelled to
disappoint our friends
by postponing

The Grand Spring Opening,

but the disappoint-
ment and slight de-
lay will be more than

the
Great

Additional
Attractions.

Magnificent dis-
play of New Goods.

Entrancing Music,

I lovely Flowers,

Handsome Souve-

nirs and a grand

illumination

night.

Come and bring

your friends,

You are cordially

welcome.

Bassett & Co.

PLEASE REMEMBER That

while this is our

formal Spring Open-

ing we are open for

business all this week

with new and beau-

tiful stock complete.

THE COMING MAN.

A pair of very shabby legs
Known in secret hours
With rather doubtful feet
A little limp, a little stout
Cut as a mother can
And lo! before us stands in state
The future's coming man.

His eyes, perchance, will read the stars
And search their unknown ways
Perchance the human heart and soul
Will open to their gaze
Perchance their keen and flashing glance
Will be a nation's light—
Those eyes that now are wistful
On some "big fellow's" kite.

Those hands—those busy little hands—
So sticky, small and brown—
Those hands whose only mission seems
To pull all over down—
Who knows what hidden strength may be
Secured in their clasp
Though now they look a tiny stick
In sturdy hold they grasp!

At! blessings on those little hands,
Whom work is yet unknown
And blessings on those little feet
Whom race is yet unborn
And blessings on the little head
That has not learned to plan!
What'er the future holds in store,
God bless the "coming man!"

HARRIET CLARKSON.

She Waited, and Her True Lover
Came at Last.

Mrs. Clarkson only smiled. She was
given to only smiling, anyway, when-
ever her daughter set her head on one
side and let fall some wise little dis-
cussion from her ever-busy brain. So,
as Miss Harriet leaned forward and
completely surveyed the tips of her
new slippers as she said, "I wish that
I had a lover; I'm sure that I could
manage one," the mother took another
stitch in the dainty cambric and re-
marked: "There is plenty of time yet,
Harriet mine."

Harriet started up in such haste that
the little chair was set violently rock-
ing. Going to the mantel, she raised
her pretty arms above her brown head
and contentedly studied the fresh,
young face in the mirror.

"Well," she laughed softly in the
midst of a faint yawn, "I'm dreadfully
anxious for him to come. I'm tired of
this do-nothing life!"

"Let him come when he may, and
let us pray that he come in joy and
peace," was the quiet rejoinder.

That had been less than a month ago,
and now Harriet stood before the same
mirror, but it was a different face that
the glass pictured now—a perplexed
brow, a scornful lip, and yet a mist of
pity struggling to the gentle gray eyes.
A schoolboy's note was the cause of it
all—a little hastily scrawled note, but
with an untrained passion, and its
frank despair was what hurt her most.

"I know that you cannot forgive me, but I
can't keep from it. I have tried, but I am
not strong enough to beat it back. It is burning
me up, Harriet, even if I am a boy. I think
that this will make a man of me. At least, it
will put a man's heart in me."

Harriet read it over and over, and
each time there rose before her a vision
of an honest young man and tears lying
in the eyes hardly dry as yet from the
grief over the lost ball. Mrs. Clarkson
said never a word, for she knew that
the confession would come in good
time. At last Harriet tossed her the
note, and, throwing herself on the
couch, she buried her face in the soft
pillows and sobbed.

"Oh, why did I ever want a lover?
And why did he do it? I knew that he
liked me, but I never dreamed of his
loving me."

Mrs. Clarkson read the poor little
note with a sigh; then, drawing the
brown head to her shoulder, she said:
"I, too, am sorry from the bottom of
my heart. But he and you are only the
instruments of fate. Every boy some
time in his boyhood loses his heart to a
woman older than himself. It is his
first love, and he has not come to joy
and peace. He is a woman and gen-
tly with him."

Harriet dried her eyes as she went to
her desk. But womanhood seemed to
have suddenly opened within her, and
she was surprised at her own gentle-
ness. Women are both womanly
strong and womanly weak, and the
tender, almost motherly note that she
wrote in reply was an example of the
first, while the big, round tear which
splashed unexpectedly on the address
was only a betrayal of the latter.

And so Harriet, in her twentieth
year, cried over her first love and sent
him away.

Four years went by. The curls had
become a little more controllable, and
a sweet dignity had begun to soften
the old-time girlish joys. It was the
day before her graduation, as she was
hurry through the hall on her way
to the library, when Prof. Palmer
appeared before her. A little paroxysm
of pain seemed to go over his sweet, old
face, as he hesitated. A puzzled light
gleamed in Harriet's eyes, for she did
not understand why his face should
pale.

"Miss Clarkson," he at last said, "if
you have time I should like to see you
in my office a moment."

She followed him wondering, and
yet half in dread, but it was not till he
had held open the door for her to pass,
in that stately, elegant old style of his,
that he said:

"I fear it is wrong, but I cannot help
it. I cannot let you go away with-
out telling you that I love you. I
know that I am selfish, but I am not so
old, after all—only sixty-five!"

He sank into a chair at his desk,
while already a calm resignation had
begun to steal over his features.
"I see, you are right. It was wicked
for a man of my age to wish to possess
so young and beautiful a woman as
you."

Harriet remonstrated at this, but he
only said:

"No, go now, and forgive the weak-
ness of an old man."

His head fell forward on his arms.

and Harriet waited only long enough
to reverently press her lips to the
snowy hair. Then she glided swiftly
out with her hands pressed tightly to
her throbbing temples, murmuring:
"I once thought that it was a woman's
hour of triumph when a man told
her of his love."

So Harriet wept over her second love
and turned from him.

However, no one dreamed how her
heart ached as she was saying good-by
to a group of schoolmates, when the
handsome young Grant Conway took
her hand, with the same ease and pure
friendliness—nothing more, nothing
less—as the rest. A traveling veil hid
a very pale, tear-stained face, but the
train drew away from the little college
town, but twenty-four is an age at
which woman is strong, and none of
them guessed.

They married, though, as two,
three years stole by, and still she held
all men back. It was her fault entirely
that she was not married, for her
quiet sweetness had a certain air of
guaranteeing about it which barred them
from the critical point.

Twenty-seven! Her birthday to-mor-
row, and twenty-seven! She tried to
smile as she leaned toward her mirror
and noted the gray hairs beginning to
be hinted toward her temples, but some-
thing found instead that the whole
image was suddenly blurred. Turning,
she dropped on her knees and buried her
head in her pillows. There it was all
thought over—the boy and the old man
and the others, noble and true con-
tents, who might have loved her if she
had let them. She did not choose a
lonely existence; on the contrary, she
shuddered at the narrow, one-sided life
that she was living. But still there
rose before her that handsome, proud
face which she loved better than all
the world, and she could not forget it.

She had seen him twice since they had
left school, and he had been gracefully
pleasant with her, but then he was just
as cordial with some of his other old-
time friends, and his open, frank at-
tention made poor Harriet's heart bleed
more than cold indifference would have
done.

Why did she cherish such an empty
longing? Why could she not forget as
did the boy, whose three romping sons
she had fondled the other day? Why,
yes, why could not she even be like
clear Dr. Palmer, whose grave had
grown all sweet with fresh grasses
and white pansies that very spring?

And as she murmured over again the
little prayer whose pure simplicity she
had not learned to lose, her "Now I lay
me down to sleep," became almost a
pleading for the sleep which blesses as
forever and forever.

The next day passed uneventfully;
the usual amount of presents and well-
wishes, but still it saddened filled her
heart to overflowing. Life had become
sorely serious to her—would it ever be-
come sorely useless?

It was after nine, and fortunately
the last caller had left early, when
Mrs. Clarkson appeared at the door and
entered, as was her custom, an unintel-
ligible name. Harriet turned mecha-
nically, for she was weary, but the form
advancing from the hall made her
catch her breath. How handsome he
was! But she quickly recovered her-
self, and tried to smile as she held out
her hand.

"I am glad to see you, Mr. Conway,"
she said, "thank you, Harriet."
Harriet's air of confidence startled
her and yet overpowered her. So,
when he went on, calmly holding her
hand with a gentle, though not passion-
ate pressure, she could only wait.

"Harriet, I have come for you at last.
Has the waiting been long?"

"Come for me?" she could only trem-
ble, at which he smiled quietly and
calmly continued:

"I could not speak to you sooner, for
I had not my life settled. Now I am
certain as to my future and I have come
for you."

Not a word about love, not a ques-
tion, not a sign of fear on his part!
And this was the way that she was to
be wooed—she whom all the entreaties
and avowals of youth and love had
not affected. Yet she wavered. She was
sorely with her pride because it did not
come to her aid, and yet she could not
easily withdraw her hand. He saw, he
evidently understood, for he quietly
took her other hand, hanging passively
at her side, and smilingly repeated:

"I have come for you, Harriet."

What should she do? Or, better,
what could she do? Nothing, but
stand there till her lips began to quiver
and the tears welled up in her search-
ing gray eyes. Then the man of the
world—this man who knew so well his
power—bent down and kissed once her
upturned face, and laughed:

"There, Harriet, don't cry. It is only
a man who has come for his wife."

Even the caress, though, like all his
actions, the quintessence of gracefulness,
only half fed the starving heart.
The long, lonely years of loved and
longing went up in her search-
ing gray eyes. Then the man of the
world—this man who knew so well his
power—bent down and kissed once her
upturned face, and laughed:

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a man who has come for his wife."

That Tired Feeling
Is often the forerunner of serious ill-
ness, which may be broken up if a
good tonic like Hood's Sarsaparilla is
taken in season. This medicine in-
vigorates the kidneys and liver to re-
move the waste from the system, puri-
fies the blood and builds up the
strength.

Constipation is caused by loss of
the peristaltic action of the bowels.
Hood's Pills restore this action and
invigorate the liver.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—There are 300,000 Baptists in Mis-
sissippi.

—There are twenty-nine kinds of
Methodists.

—The Salvation Army has 9,000 brass
bands in its ranks.

—It was in 1792 that the first Meth-
odist church was built in Canada.

—The Salvation Army's self-denial
week yielded in England \$110,000.

—The total income of the church of
England is about \$1,000,000 a week.

—There are eleven annual confer-
ences in the Methodist church of Can-
ada.

—The Methodist Episcopal church,
south, has 21 preachers and 1,500 mem-
bers in Oregon.

—The pope's way, in part, of cele-
brating Christmas, was to bestow ten
thousand dollars for distribution among
the poor of Rome.—Buffalo Inquirer.

—In 1888 the orthodox church of Rus-
sia made 15,063 proselytes. From the
Lutheran church came 1,660; from the
Roman Catholic 981; from the Jewish,
797; from the Mohammedan, 5,115.

—The schools maintained by the various
American missionary societies contain
almost 175,000 pupils, and the 12,000
Protestant mission schools are training
to Christian intelligence an aggregate
of not less than 600,000 children and
youth.

—A committee has been appointed to
attend the Baltimore plenary council
in order to arrange for the holding of
an international Catholic congress in
Chicago, September 5 to 9, 1892, in con-
nection with the World's fair.—N. Y.
Independent.

—Along the west African coast there
are 200 churches, 25,000 pupils. Thirty-
five dialects or languages have been
mastered, into which portions of the
Scriptures and religious books and
tracts have been translated and printed,
and some knowledge of the Gospel
has been made known to 200,000 benighted
Africans.—Baltimore Baptist.

—Girtown college has a fire brigade
which includes nearly all the girls in
the institution. This is divided into
three corps, each having a captain and
an adjutant. The girls are subject to
a general head captain. Each week
there is a pump and bucket practice,
and in summer there are frequent "win-
dow practices, when the girls who vol-
unteer are lowered out of the first-floor
window to the ground by means of a
rope knotted with one loop over the
arms and the other around the hips.

—There is a view of the benefits of
foreign missions which may appeal
even to worldly men. Gen. Armstrong
says: "America, through the American
board, expended in fifty years a million
and a quarter dollars to evangelize
Hawaii, and during that time has re-
ceived about \$4,000,000 a year in trade.
England's missions are said to bring
back \$10 in trade for every pound given
to convert the heathen. Christianity
means a demand for clothing and uten-
sils. The first sign of grace in a peni-
tent savage is a request for a shirt."

MAKING RICE PAPER.
A Process That Seems Easy, but Is Really
Difficult.

The so-called rice paper is not made
from rice, as its name implies, but from
the snow-white pith of a small tree be-
longing to the genus Aralia, a genus
represented in the United States by the
common sarsaparilla and the spikenard.
The tree grows in Formosa, and so far
as is known, nowhere else. The stems
are supported to China, where the
paper is made by native artists for
water-color drawings, or dyed of var-
ious colors and made into artificial
flowers. Mr. Hsieh, in his "Three Years
in Western China," describes the process
of making the paper:

"I was invited to visit a worker in
pith after nightfall. Although some-
what surprised at the hour named, I
accepted the invitation."

"On arriving at the house, I was
 ushered into a badly-lighted room,
where a man was sitting at a table
with his tools in front of him. These
consisted of a smooth stone about a
foot square, and a large knife or hatchet
with a short wooden handle. The blade
was about a foot long, two inches
broad, and nearly half an inch thick at
the back. It was sharp as a razor.

"Placing a piece of cylindrical pith
on the stone, and his left hand on the
top, he rolled the pith backward and
forward for a moment until he got it
into the required position. Then, seiz-
ing the knife with his right hand, he
held the edge of the blade, after a
feint or two, close to the pith, which
he kept rolling to the left with his
left hand until nothing remained
to unravel; for the pith had, by the ap-
plication of the knife, been pared into
a square white sheet of uniform thick-
ness. All that remained to be done was
to square the edges.

"If the reader will roll up a sheet of
paper, lay it on a table, place the left
hand on top, and gently unroll it to the
left, he will have a good idea of how the
feet was accomplished.

"It seemed so easy that I determined
to have a trial. Posing as a profes-
sional worker, I succeeded in backing
the pith, and in nearly maiming myself.

"A steady hand and a keen eye are
required for the work, and hence it is
that the so-called rice-paper is manu-
factured only at night, when the city is
asleep and the makers are not liable to
be disturbed."—Druggists' Circular.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—The census office announces that
there are in the United States 4,510 nur-
series, valued at \$41,978,825.80 and ac-
cording 173,807 acres of land, with an in-
vested capital of \$53,435,069.51, and giv-
ing employment to 43,637 men, 3,273 wo-
men and 14,210 animals.

—The cotton crops of the several
parts of Russia are reported as not giv-
ing perfect satisfaction. The Industrial
Trading society and the great Yorslow
Manufacturing Company ordered from
America 100,000 pounds of cotton seed
and sixteen gins, the seed being dis-
tributed among the planters free of cost.

—The French septennial average of
wheat production, including 1891, is re-
turned at the equivalent of 299,593,830
English bushels, and the average yield
of rye, which includes millet, at 79,480,
000 bushels. Food wants are put at 340,
000,000 bushels of wheat, and 80,000,000
bushels of rye and millet. Last year's
crops are given at 320,401,181 bushels of
wheat and 71,030,000 bushels of rye and
millet.

—Mr. C. Whitehead, of the Royal Agri-
cultural society, England, in recent
discussion of the subject, described the
methods of preventing and checking the
attacks of insects and fungi. He is of
the opinion that the fact of these at-
tacks having increased so much of late
years is due to the interchange of seeds,
fruits, plants, roots, and cuttings be-
tween different countries.

—Mr. H. Darwin, of the Cambridge
Scientific Instrument Company, Eng-
land, has devised a "sugarcrometer"
for measuring the rate of growth of a
plant. A thread is attached to the up-
per end of a plant and passes over a
pulley. To its lower end is fastened a
weight, which descends as the plant in-
creases in height. The amount of its
descent is a measure of the vertical
growth of the plant.

—The coal industry furnishes employ-
ment to 300,000 persons to whom \$400,
000,000 is paid in wages and the capital
invested is estimated at \$350,000,000.
The output of different states is as fol-
lows: Pennsylvania, nearly 82,000,000
tons; Illinois, 15,000,000; Ohio, 10,000,000;
West Virginia, 7,000,000; Iowa, 4,500,000;
Alabama, 4,000,000; Maryland, Indiana,
Kentucky and Missouri, 6,000,000, and
Tennessee 3,000,000.—Boston Globe.

—It is stated that there is much doubt
whether the proposed Antarctic expedi-
tion from Australia will start next year.
It will be remembered that the offer of
Baron Oscar Dickson, of Gothenburg,
to supply \$5,000, was made condition-
ally on Australia subscribing the rest
of the funds considered necessary.

Baron Nordenskiöld is prepared to take
command of the expedition, and Baron
Dickson has selected two vessels he con-
siders suitable for the work; but there
doubts exist as to the expediency of in-
terest taken in the matter by the Aus-
tralians.

—The manufacture of wood pulp has
become one of the most important
industries of Sweden. According to recent
reports, that country has over 130 wood
pulp factories, about half of which have
been started during the last three years.

The export of this product, which, in
1873, only amounted to 114,000 hundred
weight, amounted in 1889 to nearly
1,000,000 hundred weight. Although
prices have been constantly declining,
most of the factories still make a good
profit by using the newest and best
methods, thereby reducing the working
cost.

Two French chemists, M. Berthelot
and M. Andre, have been experiment-
ing on the source of the peculiar ground
small which comes from wet earth, and
is very perceptible in spring freshets
and a heavy morning dew. They find
it is owing to something analogous to
camphorated substances, which exists
in every kind of soil, and in the last
analysis of earth, but is neither an
alkali, an acid nor an aldehyde; in fact
is of unknown nature, in spite of the
minute experiments of M. Berthelot,
and the researches of M. Andre in the
alcohol which the earth contains. Such
are the difficulties of organic chemistry.

—If this may be ascribed to that field
of science.—Boston Advertiser.

—Look at the Pleiades with the un-
aided eye and you may see six or seven
or a dozen stars look at it through a
three-inch telescope and you may per-
haps see 300. Study it through a tele-
scope for three years, as M. Wolff has
done, and map the stars and their
places, and you may record 600 or 700
stars on a strange background of nebu-
lous light; expose a sensitive plate for
an hour, and more than twice that num-
ber are revealed; long then the exposure
to four hours and you have a picture of
2,300 stars, with a different and more
extensive background of nebulosity.

A French invention.
Improved stone-cutting saw of remark-
able efficiency—a circular saw having
its edge set with black diamonds in the
same way as the straight blades, but
as the strain on the diamond is all in
one direction, the setting can be made
much firmer. Moreover, as the move-
ment of the circular saw is far more
rapid than that of the straight one, the
effect of the diamond teeth is increased
by the force of the impact upon the ob-
ject to be cut without the exertion of
more power in propulsion. In order to
remove the saw at starting in perfect
plane, it is made to revolve be-
tween two pairs of guides, but as soon
as the cut in the stone is deep enough
to serve as a guide the temporary ones
are removed, the consequence of this
management being that the cut sur-
faces of the stone, instead of being
wavy so as to require subsequent dress-
ing to a plane surface, are straight and
smooth, needing only to be polished.

The stone to be cut is pushed against
the saw by a carriage similar to that
used in sawing wood, and the
rallying which it is held in very
great. At one establishment where two
saws are in use, the green Alpine gran-
ite is saved at the rate of nearly an
inch a minute, and hard marble at three
inches a minute, and hard limestone, four
inches a minute.—The Engineer.

Give Them the Benefit.
Give a stupid person the benefit of a
doubt. We can not all of us roar like
lions, and yet in the great orchestra of
nature the katydid has its place as well
as the king of beasts. Because some
"little ones" are gracie-eyed and silent,
in the midst of so much mighty roaring
do not doubt that when their opportu-
nity comes they can chirp up like good
fellows. Give them a chance, then, and
even if they do not improve it, hesitate
before you call them uninteresting and
stupid. Katydids were not made to
sing by lamplight and in crowds. When
the noises lulled and the lights go out
their disputations begin and last, while
sweeter singers are looked in slumber.
In company, then, don't put down all
the silent people as fools; yield them
the deference due to those who merely
await their opportunity.—Chicago Her-
ald.

NEW STOCK ROLLING IN.

WE WILL be ready for spring
customers by the time

The Snow is Gone.

J. H. ANDERSON & CO.

CHAS. M. MEACHAM,
City.

DEAR SIR, I sent you a poem last week on "The Beautiful Snow"
and asked you to publish it. You declined, and returned it to me with the
ushering reply that I was no poet, and that you could turn out better poetry
out of a sausage machine. Now I won't be crushed, so publish this and
charge me full advertising rates for it.

THE POEM.

I stood upon the ocean's sandy beach,
And with a reed I wrote upon the sand these words
"Agnes, I love thee."
But the winds came, and the waves rolled moun-
tain high,
And blotted out the fair impression.
Cruel waves! treacherous sands! fragile reed!
No longer will I trust thee;
But from the highest mountain peak
I'll pluck the tallest pine,
And dipped in the crater of Vesuvius, with it I will
write
Upon the high and burnished heavens these tender
words:

THOMAS RODMAN IS SELLING CHEAP SHOES AND DON'T YOU FORGET IT!

SAM FRANKEL'S MERCHANT TAILOR'S AGENCY.

If you want a Suit of Clothes to fit and you are hard to
please, remember I have the largest line of samples for
SUITS and TROUSERINGS in the city.

Suits to order from \$15.00 to \$40.00
Pantsto order from \$ 3.50 to \$10.0